Which breathde this poyſon.
King. Rage muſt be withſtood,
Giue me his gage, Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change his ſpots, take but my ſhame
And I reſigne my gage my deare deare Lord.
The pureſt treaſure mortall times afford,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away
Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay,
A Iewell in a tenne times bard vp cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breaſt:
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.
King. Coſin throw vp your gage, do you beginne.
Bul. O God defend my ſoule from ſuch deepe ſinne,
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-fallen in my fathers ſight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my height,
Before this out-darde daſtard? ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parlee, my teeth ſhall teare,
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.
King. We were not borne to ſue, but to commaund,
Which ſince wee cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie as your life ſhall anſwere it,
At Couentry vpon Saint Lambards day,
There ſhall your ſwords and launces arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate,
Since wee cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors chiualrie:
Lord Marſhall, commaund our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home alarmes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Ducheſſe of Gloceſter.
Gaunt. Alas the part I had in Woodſtocks bloud,
Doth more ſollicite me then your exclaimes,

To

To ſtirre againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the wil of heauen,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Ducheſſe Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old bloud no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeuen ſonnes wherof thy ſelfe art one,
Were as ſeuen viols of his ſacred bloud,
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dried by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the Deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas* my deere Lord, my life, my Gloceſter,
One viol ful of Edwards ſacred bloud,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royall roote
Is crackt, and al the precious liquor ſpilt,
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaues al faded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloudy axe.
Ah Gaunt, his bloud was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettal, that ſelfe mould, that faſhioned thee
Made him a man: and though thou liueſt and breatheſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him, thou doeſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy fathers life,
Call it not patience Gaunt, it is diſpaire,
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughtred,
Thou ſheweſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in noble breaſts.
What ſhal I ſay? to ſafegard thy own life,
The beſt way is to venge my Gloceſters death.
Gaunt Gods is the quarrell for Gods ſubſtitute,
His deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath cauſd his death, the which, if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift